



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

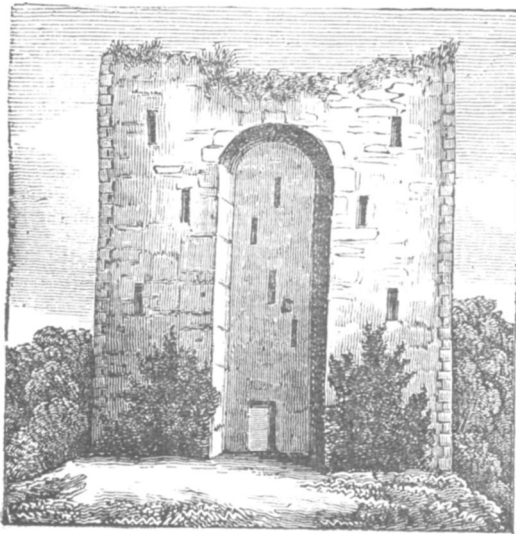
We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

broad buff belts—their cravats, or stocks, were black, fastened with two large gilt buttons behind—each had a brace of pistols and a bright carabine hanging in a basket on his right side, with a stopper in the muzzle, of red mixed with white, that looked not unlike a tulip—his riding coat, with a scarlet cape and gilt buttons, was rolled up behind him; the Earl of Kerry's gentleman of the horse, single, mounted on a very fine black horse; the steward, waiting gentleman, and other domestics of Lord Kerry. The cavalcade were all of the earl's own family, and mounted out of his own stable to the number of thirty-five. After these followed the gentlemen of the county, who were very numerous, with about twenty led horses, with field-cloaths, attending them. But the day proved very unfavourable, and all this pomp and gallantry of equipage was forced to march under a continued rain to Listowel, where the high sheriff had prepared a splendid entertainment of one hundred and twenty dishes, to regale the judges and gentlemen after their fatigues; which it seems they greatly wanted, for the roads were so heavy and deep by reason of the excessive rain, that the judges were forced to leave their coaches, and betake themselves to their saddle-horses. But this repast was short, for tidings being brought that the river Feal was swelling apace, they soon removed in order to pass over it while it was fordable."

## LISTOWEL.

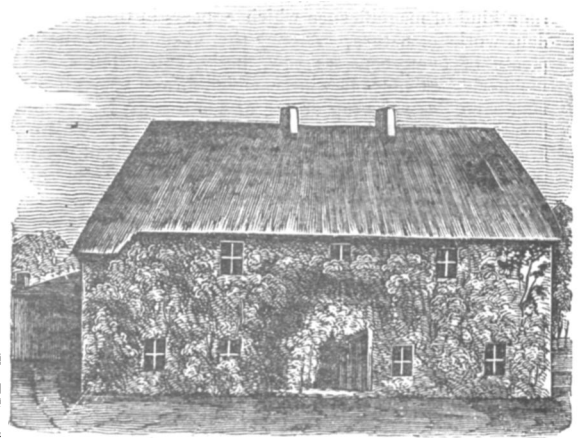


Desmond Castle.

Listowel, a market-town in the County of Kerry, one hundred and thirty-one miles from the metropolis, contains a few good houses, but, like most of our small towns, a large number of poor cabins. There is a tolerably neat church, but on an ill-chosen site, being in the centre of the market-square, where also is a handsome school-house, and a new chapel. On one side of this square is a portion of the front of an old castle, said to have belonged to the family of Desmond; excepting its antiquity, there is little interesting in its appearance, but the extraordinary elevation of the arch, as you will perceive from the accompanying sketch. A considerable part of this ruin, as I am informed, has lately been taken away to build a mill, and much of its interesting character destroyed.

Near to this town is the handsome demesne of the Knight of Kerry, through which runs the Cushin river, discharging its waters into the Atlantic, or mouth of the Shannon. The house, of which I also enclose a sketch, (more on account of the celebrity of the owner, than for its appearance,) is seldom occupied, and exhibits nothing remarkable, being partly slated and partly thatched. The entrance is, however, rather novel, presenting the appear-

ance of a cottage, fronted with a profusion of cydamen and rose-trees.



Cottage Front to the Knight of Kerry's Residence.

Near to the house is the ruin of an old castle, which, to the credit of the proprietor, has been allowed to remain undisturbed by any hand but that of time. In the year 1600, Listowel castle, the last and only one that held out for Lord Kerry against the Lord President, was besieged by Sir Charles Wilmot. As a chamber was preparing to place the powder in a mine to blow up the castle, a spring of water gushed out in such abundance, that he was obliged to begin a new work, which he carried under-ground to the midst of a vault in the castle. The work being perceived by the garrison, they called out for mercy; but he would hear of no other terms but their surrendering at discretion. The ward, being eighteen men, submitted on their knees, but the women and children were suffered to depart. Nine of the English having been shot during the siege, he presently caused the same number of prisoners to be hanged; and by the president's order, the residue were soon after executed, as they had all of them been under protection, except an Irish priest, named Sir Dermot Mac-Brodie, who was pardoned for the following reason:—It happened that upon surrendering the castle, the Lord Kerry's eldest son, then but five years old, was carried away by an old woman, almost naked, and besmeared with dirt. Wilmot detached a party in search of him, who returned without finding the child, but the priest proposed, if Sir Charles would spare his life and that of the child, to discover where he was: which being granted, he went with a captain's guard to a thick wood, six miles from the castle, which was almost impassable, where, in a hollow cave, they found the old woman and the child, whom they brought to Sir Charles, who sent both the priest and the child to the Lord President.

## THE DEMON NAILER.

## A LEGEND OF THE SOUTH.

It was on a fine day of June in some old year, of which chronology has taken no note, that a stranger was seen to proceed with a light and lengthy stride along the rough pavement of that toilsome street which leads from Blackpool to the North-gate bridge of the city of Cork. In this most populous outlet of the city, a passenger attracts very little attention, unless his outward bearing entitle him to especial notice, but this traveller was not one whom a Blackpool lounge would pass with unregarding eye. His limbs would appear of massive size, were it not for his elastic tread, his uncommon tallness, and noble and commanding figure. The idle gossips that sat in groups on the rough footway, nursing their half-naked urchins, or sending the cutting jibe after some "nymph of quality," whom the industry of her father had elevated to the enviable splendour of a jaunting-car, shrunk with instinctive dread, as the passing glance of the traveller cast its piercing regards among them, and the boys abandoned the footway with their taws and slashing tops at his approach,

His very dark complexion furnished strong proof that he must have long sojourned in some burning climate. Tradition is silent respecting his beard and mustaches, if any he wore; but he was clothed in a suit of rusty black, and a discoloured leather apron, such as smiths and nailers use, and which folded up, seemed to contain his movables, dangled at his back, suspended from the end of a well-seasoned walking-stick. I am grieved that I cannot gratify my readers with a particular description of the stick which this formidable personage bore, for I know that my countrymen are a cudgel-loving race, as many a broken head of friend and foe can testify; but veracity forces me to stick close by the letter of tradition. All agreed, from the cut of his *kilt*, that he must be a journeyman nailer. Though every one shunned his approach, yet all followed at a respectable distance behind, urged forward, perhaps, by the same strange principle of attraction by which the feathered tenants of the grove follow in the wake of the merciless bird of prey.

Up the long-street proceeded the mysterious-looking man, until he reached that ascent called "The height o' Mallow-lane," from whence he that has been in Cork for the first time may pause, if he chooses to contemplate the picturesque irregularity of the city below, with its lofty spires, and shelving roofs, and antique gables, and innumerable chimneys, from which the deep blue smoke-wreaths of as many fires ascend to crown the whole with a dun canopy. Its beautiful quays starting, as if by necromantic power, from the deep waters, and the tall masts of many an anchoring bark extending north and south, like the lofty pines of an ancient forest, which the desolation of winter had left scathed, dry and barren. The beautiful estuary formed by the rolling Lee, its peaceful bosom studded with green summer islands, lovely as the fabled Elysium, where poets have fixed the abodes of the disembodied spirits of the just—its opposite shores decked with fair villas—lawns stretching their green extent to kiss the cool wave, and woodlands crowning the far ascent, till earth and sky seemed to blend in close companionship. Then, after his bird's-eye view of this enchanting region, he may pause to list the deep sound of the noise and bustle and myriad voices of the city hive, rising on the mid-air like the far roar of a troubled ocean. The dark journeying man did pause—but neither the hum of the city caught his ear, nor did his eye rest for a moment on the desert of multiform roofs, the clustering masts, the sky-reflecting bay, its verdant shores, or beautiful islets; but it rested with attentive gaze on Tom Tracey's sign, "The Glory of the World," on which a flaming copper-coloured sun, touched off with a broad, good-humoured face and eyes, showed his round orb. He stood a minute or two, as if studying the motto that circled below the rude painting, when Peter Finigan, a nailer by trade, and a confirmed drunkard by habit, reeled forward, singing, or rather shouting at the top of his voice, that Irish song of most unseemly name, which the native modesty of my pen will hardly permit me to mention, namely, "The Devil stick the Minister."

I have said that Peter Finigan was a nailer by trade, and a drunkard by habit—he likewise had his intervals of sobriety, during which he worked with all the proverbial diligence of the aproned class to which he belonged; but in his conversation upon all occasions, trivial or important, he was remarkable for his frequent invocation of the great enemy of mankind. Well-disposed persons of my acquaintance, on whose veracity I always place implicit reliance, have informed me, that the "ould boy" must approach within three paces of him who foolishly pronounces his evil name—if so, Peter Finigan at this time must have kept him in a state of constant activity; for he had, during some time past, a new and powerful source of irritation, for Peter, in consequence of some irregularity, had incurred the displeasure of the "Trades' Union" of that day, and had been expelled the society, and placed under the ban of the Cork nailers.

At this time (it was many years before the "Union") the nailers of Cork were in active employment. The demand for nails was so extraordinary, that though all the journeyman nailers of Munster, allured by the promise of very high wages, and the desire of striking the iron while

'twas hot, had visited "the beautiful city," yet, instead of being glutted with this *dark* inundation, the prevailing cry of the master nailers was, "more, more." I have taken uncommon pains to discover the cause of this unprecedented demand for nails, but without any satisfactory result. "The Cork Remembrancer" has failed to remember it; and I have busied myself for six entire weeks in perusing certain records belonging to the most ancient and right worshipful the Corporation of Cork, but to no purpose. Yet certain it is, that the nailers of that ancient city seemed to have realized all the splendid imaginings of adepts respecting the philosopher's stone—for the merchants who fitted out adventures in nails, stood ready to pour the yellow gold into the aprons of the master-nailers in lieu of the baser metal. But amid this golden harvest, the proscribed Peter, after laying in a good stock of rod iron, found none to work for him—every "tramper" shunned his door, or if he chanced to allure a Connaught or an Ulster man by superior wages, he quickly left him, scared, probably, by the fearful denunciations of that league which outlawed Peter from its society. The unfortunate nailer yielded to the unequal contest, abandoned his shop for the tap-room, and when heated with liquor would be frequently heard to exclaim, "I'm a lost man—I'm a lost man—all sorts and sizes is shunning me—and if the ould boy himself turned nailer, he'd scorn to work with me."

Out reeled Peter Finigan, singing that song with the ugly name, when his attention was suddenly arrested by the figure of the tall, dark man who stood musing on the sign. He ceased his discordant strain, and approached the stranger, muttering with a sort of repressed exultation, "it's quare if I don't secure this chap."

"Well, honest man," said Finigan, "I daar say you're on the thramp, and if you want a good run o' work, I'm your man. My name is Pether Finigan, and the sorra sweeter pay you'll find in Cork, though I say it myself. From whince did ye come to these parts?"

"I came up the country," said the other ambiguously, and with a distant sort of civility; "I'd have no objection to move farther into the city, but 'tis no harm to ask what wages you give?"

"What wages do I give my men, is it? Why, there's not a man in town would give you so much. You might as well turn them up in the city, and stop with ourselves, my ould boy, in sweet Mallow-lane, where you shall make twelve-penny nails at ten pence a hundred, and so on for other sizes, and get lashings and lavings of good diet. Give us yer hand, now, *ma bouhil*, and we'll settle the difference over a half-pint at 'The Glory o' the World.' Ta an Dhiel urth, if my wages and Tom Tracey's whiskey won't satisfy you."

"I never drink whiskey," said the journeyman nailer; "but we'll settle about the wages, provided you are able to give me employment enough—for when you have not work to give, at that moment you shall be bound to pay me up, and dismiss me."

"The devil's in your arm if you can work up my present stock of rod iron for the next six months," said Finigan; "but where the hell did you come from, that you never learned to drink whiskey?"

"My temperance in that respect cannot prejudice others," said the stranger, gravely; "but why do you talk so freely of hell, and of him whose name human creatures should be slow to pronounce?"

"Why," said Finigan in reply, "I hard ould Mither Shine say—by the same token, I'll introduce ye to him to-morrow, an' ould Shine knows as much Latin as any priest at the big chapel—I hard him say, that the devil, more sport to him, is forced three times through the fire whenever ye dhraw him through yer mouth. Is not that a proper raison for talking of the ould sarprint?"

"Your motive for such use of that name," said the strange nailer, with a grim smile, "seems very proper, and will, probably, meet its reward. I accept your terms, Mr. Finigan; but if you fail to pay me up immediately when you cannot furnish employment, what are you willing to forfeit?"

"To forfeit? Why you have as many conditions, Mr. What-ye-call-um, as an ould lawyer. The devil may

take me, man, if I don't clear up to the farthing when I can't give you work—and that'll take some time, I think. So come along."

"Agreed!" said the tall stranger exultingly, and he extended his hand to Finigan, who shook it heartily, and then staggered on before his new journeyman towards the workshop.

The workshop was stored with a large quantity of rod iron, for Finigan had hardly exhausted any part of the stock he had laid in when the high price of nails commenced; and after showing his workman the particular sort of nail he was to forge, retired to sleep off the effects of the morning's debauch.

The journeyman, in the mean time, unbound his travelling paraphernalia, slipped on his leather apron, placed some coals on the hearth, and strange to relate, blew them into fiery heat with his burning breath. Then began the hoarse voice of the bellows, and the quick stroke of the hammer, whose incessant falls on the glowing iron no ear could separately distinguish; while the well-formed nails rose in little pyramids beneath his practised hand. Anon the bellows blew faster, the strokes fell thicker, and the hammer of the strange workman seemed but a magic wand, beneath the influence of which the iron was instantaneously converted into heaps of nails, and the following song, which he sung to a strange air, the dark incantation that gave potency to the spell:—

"Oft since that fatal time  
When Eden's tenants rued me,  
Through many an age and clime  
I've weary ways pursu'd me;  
On many a heart,  
With fraudulent art,  
I've left a witness token,  
That marks it, aye,  
My destin'd prey,  
If truth on high be spoken.  
For this I've to and fro  
The earth in many a shape run  
But never took, I trow,  
Till now, a nailer's apron.

"I bid the bellows blow—  
I set the hammer ringing—  
If one be doomed to woe,  
To me is profit springing;  
For human souls,  
Like these bright coals,  
My fiery breath sets glowing—  
But, oh! the breath  
Of woe and death  
Through tortur'd spirits blowing!  
For this I've to and fro  
The earth in many a shape run;  
But never took, I trow,  
Till now, a nailer's apron!

"I smoothe the murderer's path  
That to his errand bears him;  
I rouse the ruffian's wrath  
When baleful passion tears him;  
O'er many a sleep  
I vigils keep,  
Suggesting thoughts unholy;  
And oft I wear  
An aspect fair,  
To catch a sinner solely.  
For this I've to and fro  
The earth in many a shape run;  
But never took, I trow,  
Till now, a nailer's apron!"

By the time these verses were thrice repeated, all the iron that lay in the shop had been wrought into twelve-penny nails, and when the song and the last rod were ended, the workman lustily called out for more iron. Mrs. Finigan, answering to the call, came quickly out; but great was her astonishment to behold the heaps of nails that rose before her. She uttered a shrill exclamation, and casting a timid glance at her new journeyman, said,

"In the name"

"Mind no names at present," interrupted the tall, dark man angrily; and then in a softer tone he said, "Mrs. Finigan, get me more iron quickly."

Mrs. Finigan retired, and after rousing Peter, told him that the journeyman had wrought all the iron, and was demanding more.

"Sorrow's in you," said Peter, "you spoilt my beautiful dhrame. The fellow must be some sleight-o'-hand man, that's playing thrick's on your eyes; but here's the key o' the back-house, and let him hammer away at what's there."

The lofty spire, that surmounts the tower of the church of Upper Shandon, had greatly lengthened its giant shadow, when Mrs. Finigan heard the fearful voice of the workman loudly demanding more iron. Unwilling to encounter the keen glance of his unearthly eye, she replied from within that there was no more to be had.

"Then, ma'am," says he, "it was hardly worth your husband's while to turn a quick tradesman from his path. Tell him that I must be paid in five minutes."

Mrs. Finigan retired; and such value did the mysterious man attach to his time, that all the tools of the workshop, and every bit of iron around, were beaten into nails in a few minutes, and as Finigan himself entered, the very pipe of the bellows was undergoing the metamorphosis of all its kindred.

"Who the mischief are you, friend?" exclaimed the half-drunk employer, as he viewed the extraordinary scene before him—"Tell us who or what are you, that want to desave people's sight like a freemason?"

"You may know me better before we part, unless you pay me immediately for the little job I've done for you," said the workman.

"I have not a shilling—you must wait till I sell these nails," said Finigan.

"Then you must comply with the second clause of our agreement, by which you gave yourself to me," said the fiend; and at that instant his frame dilated—his stature stretched beyond human dimensions—and all the demon stood confessed before the horrified Finigan.

"Enemy of God and man, I defy you," returned Finigan, rousing up his retreating energies—"I defy you in the name of the blessed Saviour—you and all the spirits of darkness!"

Saying this, Finigan displayed a small Bible, with which, notwithstanding his irregularity of life, he had never parted. The advancing demon quailed as he opened it—and instantly disappeared.

What became of the nails which the infernal workman so expeditiously wrought, will probably be the subject of a future legend.

E. W.

\*\*\* Although sometimes ridiculous in the extreme, we have no doubt that many of the legends yet current among the peasantry of our country, had their origin in a good intention. We should imagine that this must have been observed in several of those we have recently inserted—"The Ford of the White Ship;" "Jack-o'-the-Lantern;" "The Man in the Moon;" and, though last not least, "The Demon Nailer." In this last, the evil effects of frequenting whiskey shops is apparent. It was at one of those sinks of iniquity that the "old boy" halted, in the hope of meeting "a man to his mind;" and little did Peter think, when invoking the devil, and speaking of hell, that the evil one was at that very moment at his elbow; and that he was just fitting himself for the place about which he was so thoughtlessly speaking. We trust the moral of the legend may have the effect originally intended.

#### THE CANADAS.

We meddle not with politics; and yet, feeling as we do that many of our readers must take a deep interest in what is at the present moment passing in the British settlements of North America, we copy the following mor-